

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

MARCH
No. 8

HE'S NEW!... HE'S GREAT!....
HE'S PLASTIC MAN!



FIBERGLASS

#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



PHANTOM LADY





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THE MOUTHPIECE



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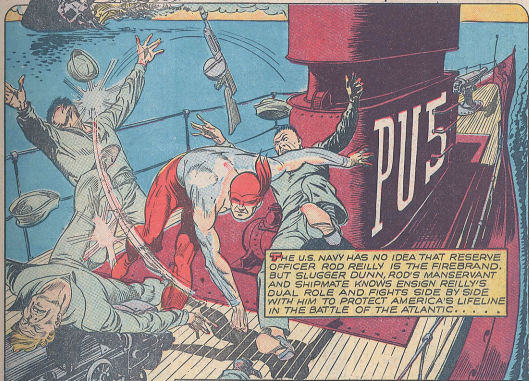
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The FIREBRAND

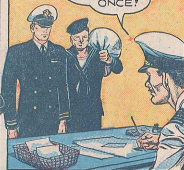
by Reed Crandall



THE U.S. NAVY HAS NO IDEA THAT RESERVE OFFICER ROD REILLY IS THE FIREBRAND, BUT SLUGGER DUNN, ROD'S MANSERVANT AND SHIPMATE KNOWS ENSIGN REILLY'S DUAL ROLE AND FIGHTS SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIM TO PROTECT AMERICA'S LIFELINE IN THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC. . . .

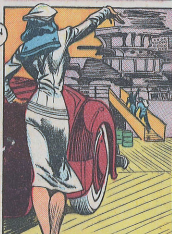
ROD AND SLUGGER ARE CALLED UP FOR DUTY.

REILLY AND DUNN, EH? OKAY BOYS, REPORT ABOARD THE DESTROYER RUSSELL AT ONCE!

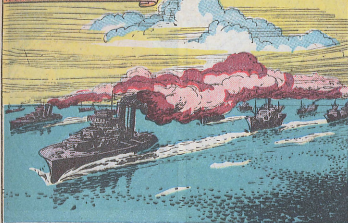


I KNOW THE NAVY CAN DEPEND ON YOU BOYS... YOU HAVE BRILLIANT RECORDS. THE RUSSELL IS CONVOYING SHIPS TO BRITAIN!





ROD AND SLUGGER'S SHIP JOIN A CONVOY WHICH STEAMS INTO THE ATLANTIC. . .



WHAT WAS THE BIG RUMPUSS ON THE DOCK BEFORE WE PULLED OUT, CAPTAIN?



A SPY WHO GOT WIND OF THIS CONVOY ESCAPED WITH THE HELP OF A GIRL IN A ROADSTER. I THINK WE BETTER WATCH FOR U-BOATS!



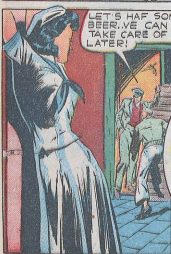
MEANWHILE, JOAN HAS BEEN MADE A PRISONER. . .



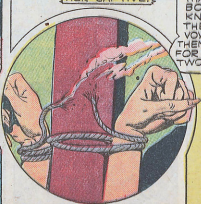
YAH, KAPITANI! THE CONVOY SAILED SEVERAL HOURS AGO WITH MANY SHIPS!



LET'S HAF SOME BEER. WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HER LATER!



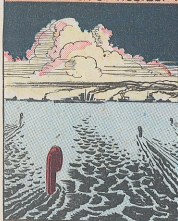
THE HOT STEAM PIPE JOAN IS TIED TO BURNS THE ROPES HOLDING HER CAPTIVE.



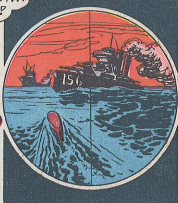
I'VE GOT TO WARN THE NAVY THAT U-BOATS KNOW THE CONVOY ROUTE. THEN HUNT FOR THOSE TWO RATS!



BUT THE U-BOATS ARE ALREADY AWARE OF THE CONVOY AND CLOSE IN LIKE A PACK OF WOLVES.



OUR FIRST VICTIM WILL BE THE DESTROYER! TORPEDO...READY...
FIRE!

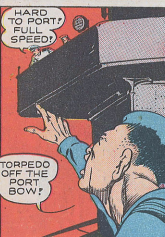


THE MISSILE OF DEATH IS SPOTTED BY ROD AND SLUGGER.



GREAT GUN, SLUGGER! IS THAT A TORPEDO?

IT AIN'T ORPHAN ANNIE!



HARD TO PORT! FULL SPEED!

TORPEDO OFF THE PORT BOW!



COME ON, SLUGGER!

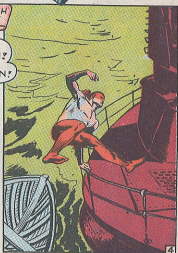
A SMALL DINGY IS DROPPED OVER THE SIDE OF THE STRICKEN WARSHIP.



AND THEY CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE FIRST SUBMARINE TO RISE TO THE SURFACE.

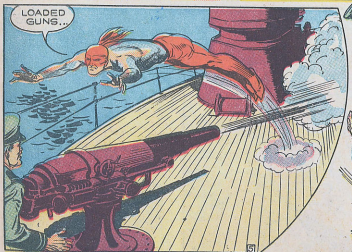
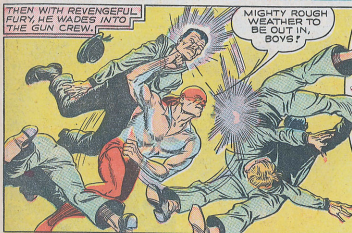


THEY'RE MANNING THE FORWARD GUN! SLIP UP TO THE STERN!





THEN WITH REVENGEFUL FURY, HE WADES INTO THE GUN CREW.

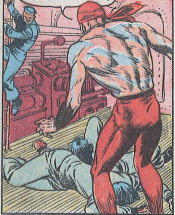


AFTER MOPPING UP EVERYONE ON DECK, FIREBRAND DROPS THROUGH THE CONNING TOWER.



ONE SIDE, BUMS?

WATCH THESE GUYS, SLUG! I WANT TO CALL THE ENGINE ROOM?



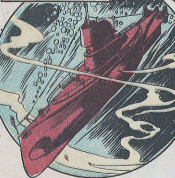
YOU'RE LOCKED IN DOWN THERE AND UNLESS YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS, I'LL SCUTTLE THE SHIP AND SINK IT!



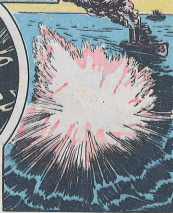
VE BETTER DO VOT HE SAYS, YAH?

YAH?

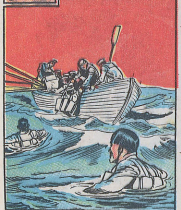
THE ENGINE ROOM FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS TO SUBMERGE.



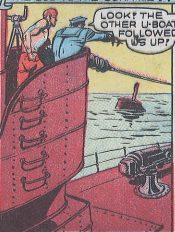
UP ABOVE, THE DESTROYERS ARE SPRAYING DEPTH BOMBS AT THE SUBS.



WHILE THE SAILORS OF THE SUNKEN DESTROYER ARE SNATCHED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.



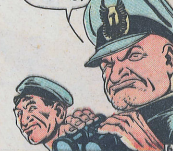
THE FIREBRAND FINALLY ORDERS THE SUB TO THE SURFACE . . .



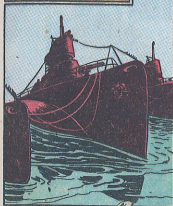
LOOK! THE OTHER U-BOATS FOLLOWED US UP?

THE BINOCULARS REVEAL STRANGE FACES COMMANDING THE NAZI FLAG SHIP . .

SAY! DOT AIN'T COMMANDER HORST-ASSLE ON DER BRIDGE? QUICK! HOLD DOT SUB MIT GRAPPLING HOOKS?



THE GRAPPLING IRONS HOLD THE CAPTURED SUB SECURELY BOUND TO THE OTHER U-BOATS.

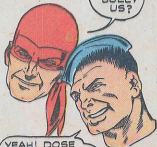


A NAZI COMMANDER, FOLLOWED BY A MOB OF SAILORS BOARDS THE SUB HELD BY FIREBRAND.

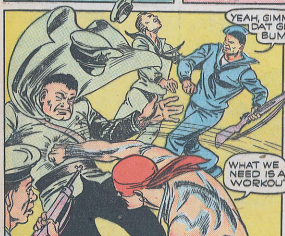


WOT ISS DIS??
SHPEAK UP!

SLUGGER IS HE TRYING TO BULLY US?



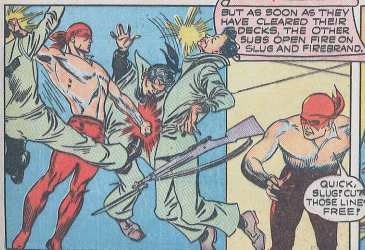
YEAH! DOSE AINT CASTANETS YOU HEAR. DEM ARE MY KNEES KNOCKING TOGETHER!



YEAH, GIMME DAT GUN, BUM!

CLEAR DE DECKS, YOU SWABS!

WHAT WE NEED IS A WORKOUT!

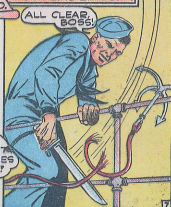


BUT AS SOON AS THEY HAVE CLEARED THEIR DECKS, THE OTHER SUBS OPEN FIRE ON SLUG AND FIREBRAND.

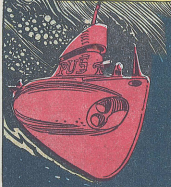
AMID A HAIL OF FIRE, SLUG RETRIEVES A BAYONET AND BEGINS SLASHING AT THE GRAPPLING LINES.

ALL CLEAR, BOSS!

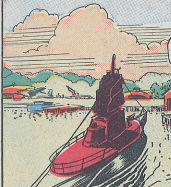
QUICK, SLUG? CUT THOSE LINES FREE!



THE CAPTURED U-BOAT DIVES, ESCAPING FROM THE OTHER NAZI SUBS.



AND FIREBRAND SAILS TO A GERMAN SUBMARINE BASE.

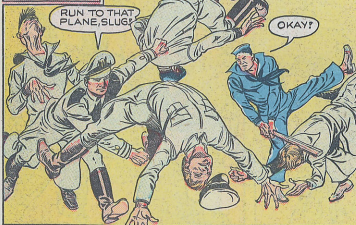


HE DONS A NAZI OFFICER'S UNIFORM.



YE SUNK THE A-AMERICAN CONVOY BUT LOST OUR U-BOATS IN THE BATTLE!

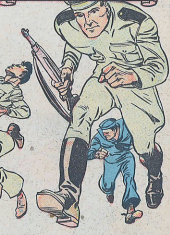
BUT WHEN THEIR U-BOAT IS SAFELY ANCHORED . . . ROD AND SLUGGER BEGIN MOP-UP AGAIN.



RUN TO THAT PLANE, SLUG!

OKAY!

WITH BULLETS WHISTLING ABOUT THEIR EARS, THEY DASH FOR AN AIRPLANE.



AND ESCAPE IN AN ENEMY BOMBER AFTER DUMPING THEIR BOMBS ON THE NAZI BASE.



NOW FOR THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.

HOPE WE HAVE ENOUGH GAS!

AFTER MANY WEARY HOURS, THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR OWN AIR BASE.



HEY, SLUG! SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON DOWN THERE!

NAZI SPIES, INCLUDING JOAN'S CAPTORS HAVE CAPTURED THE AIR BASE.



BOMB DEM? DEY ARE AMERICANS?

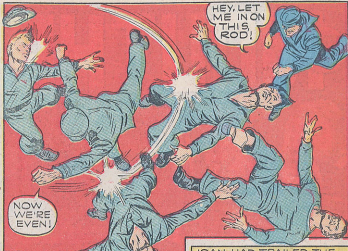
THE DEATH DEALING HAND GRENADES ARE CAUGHT BY ROD WHO TOSSES THEM AWAY.

THIS IS ONE KIND OF "PINEAPPLE" I DON'T LIKE!



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE A TWO OCEAN NAVY! ONE FOR ME AND ONE FOR YOU!

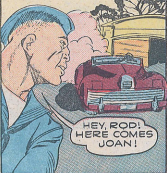
YEAH, AND THE ENEMY IS SUNK!



HEY, LET ME IN ON THIS ROD!

NOW WE'RE EVEN!

SUDDENLY A CAR WHEELS INTO THE AIR BASE FIELD.



HEY, ROD! HERE COMES JOAN!

JOAN HAD TRAILED THE TWO SABOTEURS WHO HELD HER PRISONER, TO THE AIRFIELD. . .



HELLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ROD AND JOAN EXCHANGE STORIES ABOUT THEIR THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NAZI UNIFORM?



WELL, HONEY, I HAD TO BORROW IT TO FOOL THE OTHER U-BOAT CAPTAINS!



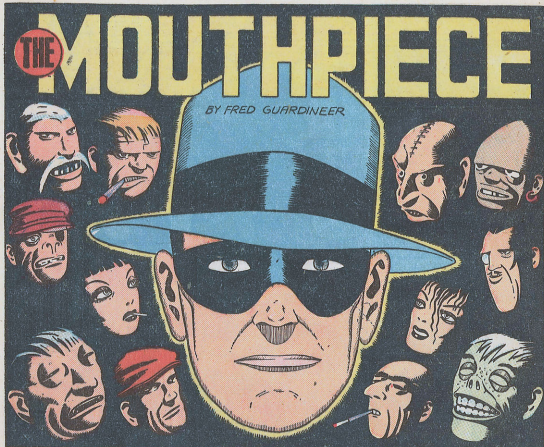
YOU MADE A GRAND SLAM, ROD. I SEE YOU EVEN CAUGHT THOSE TWO WHO HELD ME PRISONER!

AGAIN THE FIREBRAND AND HIS FRIENDS THWART THE FIFTH COLUMN.

WE'LL DUMP THIS LOAD AT THE JAIL. THEN WE'LL HAVE DINNER.

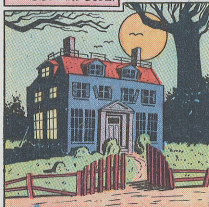


Follow the sensational adventures of The Firebrand in each issue of POLICE COMICS.



BILL PERKINS, THE ALERT DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF THE BIG CITY, WHEN OUT AFTER FIRST HAND EVIDENCE AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD SECRETLY WEARS A BLACK MASK AND BRINGS TERROR TO THE SHADLOWY FIGURES BEYOND THE LAW—TO THEM HE IS **THE MOUTHPIECE!**

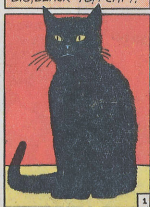
OUT IN LONESOME HOLLOW STANDS THE BIG VAN DETH MANSION—HOME OF THE BRUTAL VAN DETH BROTHERS, MORBIDD AND SCUL.



OFTEN SUSPECTED BUT NEVER CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS, SCUL AND MORBIDD ARE BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR A RECENT SERIES OF ROBBERIES.



THE ONLY OTHER LIVING CREATURE ON THE BLEAK ESTATE IS SATAN, THE BIG, BLACK TOM CAT !!



INSIDE THEIR HOME, THE TWO BROTHERS SIT OVER A TABLE DIVIDING UP SOME MONEY.

FIFTY FOR YOU AND FIFTY FOR ME!

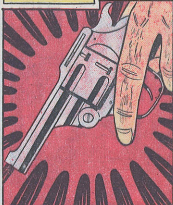
PRETTY GOOD FOR A CANDY STORE!

MROW!

IN THE BACK OF SCUL'S BRAIN THE GERM OF GREED SWELLS AND SWELLS.

WHY SHOULD MORBIDD HAVE ANY - IF I HAD IT ALL I COULD...

AS THE DESIRE FOR GOLD OVER COMES HIM, SCUL REACHES FOR HIS REVOLVER!



AND SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING MORBIDD.



SCUL BRINGS HIS REVOLVER BUTT DOWN HARD ON MORBIDD'S HEAD!



I KILLED HIM!
I KILLED HIM!
HA, HA, HO, HO,
HEEHEE!



QUICKLY SCUL CARRIES THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER INTO THE CELLAR.



FEVERISHLY HE PULLS OUT SOME BRICKS FROM THE WALL AND REVEALS A SECRET CRYPT.



IN A FEW MINUTES THE HOLE IS SEALED UP AND ALL TRACES OF THE BLACK DEED ERASED.





MORBIDD WAS SEEN
COMING IN HERE
ONLY TONIGHT. I'M
HAVING A LOOK
AROUND AND
DON'T YOU GET
TOUGH!



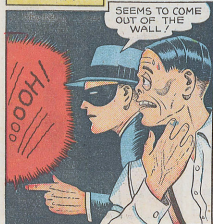
THE MOUTHPIECE SEARCHES EVERY
ROOM IN THE HOUSE BUT FINDS
NOTHING.



NO ONE HERE - GUESS
YOU WERE TELLING
THE TRUTH, SCUL!



SUDDENLY A WAILING CRY PIERCES
THE STILLNESS!



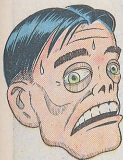
THE MASKED MAN TAPS THE WALL TO
FIND THE SPOT WHERE THE CRIES
COME FROM!



MY BROTHER, NO
IT COULDN'T BE -
IT - IT'S HIS
GHOST!



AS THE WAILING CONTINUES SCUL'S FEAR HAUNTED BRAIN REACHES THE BREAKING POINT!



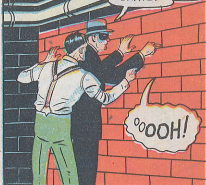
SCUL VAN DETH GOES RAVING MAD!

I DID IT - I KILLED HIM!
GAAAH! STOP THOSE
WAILINGS!



AIDED BY THE CONFESSING KILLER THE MOUTHPIECE QUICKLY LOCATES THE CRYPT.

SURE IS A WELL HIDDEN GRAVE!



AS THE FIRST BRICK IS REMOVED THE SCARED BLACK CAT JUMPS OUT!

SO THAT'S WHAT THE WAILING WAS!



IN A FEW MINUTES THE BODY OF MORBIDD IS BROUGHT OUT!

YOU CROOKS ALWAYS MAKE A MISTAKE!



YOU DIDN'T SEE THE CAT JUMP INSIDE THE CRYPT WHEN YOU BRICKED IT UP AND WHEN THE CAT YELLED FOR HELP YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A GHOST!



BUT SCUL MAKES A DASH FOR FREEDOM AND RACES FROM THE CELLAR.

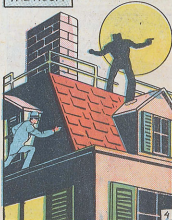


THE MOUTHPIECE QUICKLY FOLLOWS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, SCUL!



THE CHASE CONTINUES TO THE ROOF.



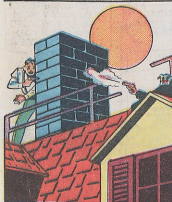
HIDDEN BEHIND THE CHIMNEY, SCUL OPENS FIRE ON HIS PURSUER!



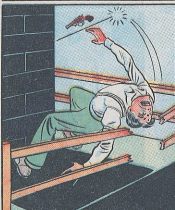
THE MOUTHPIECE DUCKS AND DRAWS HIS OWN GUN!



WHEN SCUL PEEKS AROUND FOR A SECOND SHOT THE MASKED MAN FIRES!



HIT SQUARELY BETWEEN THE EYES, SCUL ROLLS BACKWARDS.



AND FALLS OFF THE ROOF!



WHILE HE DESCENDS THE STAIRS THE MOUTHPIECE REMOVES HIS MASK.



AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS EXAMINES THE BODY OF SCUL.



Watch for The Mouthpiece in the next issue of POLICE COMICS.

Eagle EVANS

FLIER OF FORTUNE

THE DAREDEVIL AIR ADVENTURERS, EAGLE EVANS AND HIS CANDID CAMERA PAL, SNAP SMITH NEVER LOOK FOR ANYTHING BUT TROUBLE AND INVARIABLY FIND PLenty OF IT. . . .

BY
CLARK
WILLIAMS

EAGLE AND SNAP ARE BACK IN NEW YORK AFTER DODGING DEATH IN CHINA. . . .

WHAT? NO DESSERT, EAGLE? I WANTED APPLE PIE?

WE NEED OUR LAST TWO DIMES TO REACH FLOYD BENNETT FIELD.

SAY, BUD. . . I'M GOIN' OUT THAT WAY. YOU GUYS CAN HOP MY TRUCK?

SWELL! THANKS!

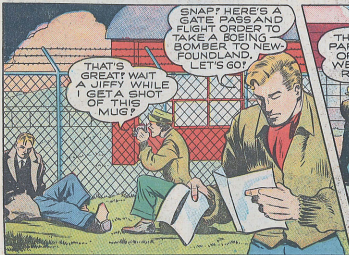
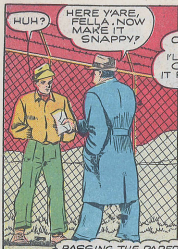
AS THE TRUCK ROARS ACROSS BROOKLYN, SNAP IS ALERT FOR INTERESTING SCENES.

I'LL GET A NIFTY ANGLE ON THOSE BLONDES IN THE ROADSTER. OH. . . TOO LATE. WE'RE AT THE FIELD!

SUPPOSE THEY'LL LET US FERRY A PLANE TO ENGLAND, SNAP?

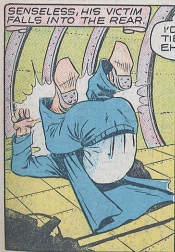
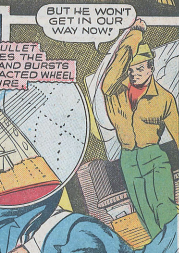
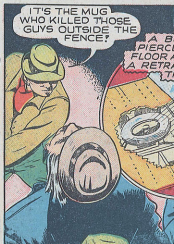
SURE? WHY NOT?

THEY'RE THE ONES, MAX? GIVE 'EM THE DISPATCH ORDER AND LETS GET AWAY FROM HERE!



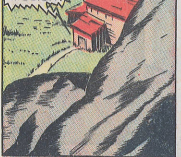


SNAP ROLLS FROM HIS SEAT AND WHIRLS ABOUT BEFORE THE STOWAWAY CAN SHOOT.

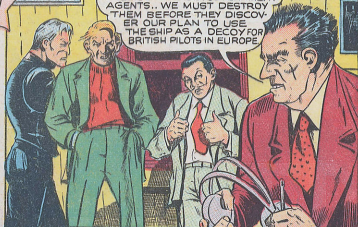


MEANWHILE, RADIO BEAMS FLASH OVER A SHACK ON THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND TOWARDS WHICH EAGLE AND SNAP ARE FLYING.

MIKAIL REPORTING FROM FLOYD BENNETT FIELD. HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL IN MISSION?

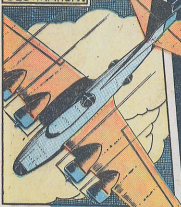


INSIDE THE SHACK...



IF THE BOEING ARRIVES, IT WILL CONTAIN U.S. GOVERNMENT AGENTS.. WE MUST DESTROY THEM BEFORE THEY DISCOVER OUR PLAN TO USE THE SHIP AS A DECOY FOR BRITISH PILOTS IN EUROPE

THE GLEAMING SKYBIRD CIRCLES OVER ITS DESTINATION.



THIS IS WHERE WE DROP, SNAP.. SAY.. LOOK AT THAT RECEPTION COMMITTEE.. THOSE GUYS LOOK ORNERY ENOUGH TO RUN INTO?



BUT EAGLE IS UNAWARE OF THE DAMAGED PORTSIDE WHEEL.

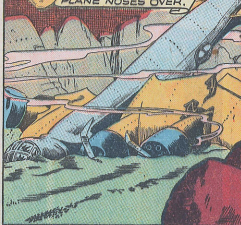


AND THE SHIP ROCKS DIZZILY AS IT TOUCHES SOLID GROUND.



SHE'S ACTING MIGHTY QUEER, EAGLE!

IN A HAILSTORM OF WING SPLINTERS, THE HUGE PLANE NOSES OVER.



A MUCH DISGRUNTLED PAIR EMERGES FROM THE WRECK...



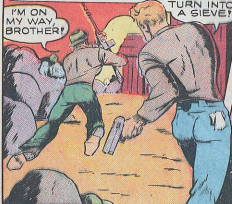
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!

HEY, EAGLE, ONE WHEEL WAS OUT OF ORDER!

SUDDENLY A HEAVY RAIN OF TOMMY GUN BULLETS PELTS THE AIRMEN.

TO THE SHACK, FELLA, BEFORE YOU TURN INTO A GIEVE!

I'M ON MY WAY, BROTHER!



GET OVER THERE, BOYS... I'D HATE TO LOSE ANY OF YOU!



THE GANG CHIEF RELEASES DRUCKER FROM THE WRECKED SHIP AND...

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE BOSS?



BUT EAGLE'S KEEN EYES SPOT THE FLEEING CULPRITS.

HOLD ON TO THOSE LUGS, SNAP... TWO RATS ARE LEAVING THE SHIP?



DON'T WORRY, EAGLE... I THINK THEY UNDERSTAND MACHINE GUN TALK?

DRUCKER AND HIS CHIEF TAKE REFUGE ON A CLIFF NEARBY.



YOU CAN DO NOTHING, MY FRIEND. OUR SUPPLY SHIP IS ABOUT TO ARRIVE!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!

JUST THEN A U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER PLOWS INTO SIGHT.



STILL WANT TO WAIT FOR THE SUPPLY SHIP?

O.K., BUDDY, YOU'RE HOLDING ALL THE ACES. WE'LL COME DOWN!

EAGLE AND SNAP PRESENT THE COMMANDER WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.



SO THOSE BOYS WERE TRYING TO TIE UP THE R.A.F... THEY'D HAVE TO WORK PRETTY FAST TO OUT-DISTANCE THOSE BRITISH PILOTS.

WE'RE GOING TO STICK BY, SIR, TO SEE THAT THOSE PLANES GET THROUGH!



Dewey Drip will amuse you each month in POLICE COMICS.

Steele KERRIGAN

by
Al Bryant



PAROLED AFTER A DARING RESCUE OF THE WARDEN, STEELE KERRIGAN PURSUES A PROGRAM OF PERSONAL VENGEANCE AGAINST CRIME IN A DETERMINED EFFORT TO PROVE THE INJUSTICE OF HIS IMPRISONMENT.

RETURNING TO TOWN WITH ANNE AFTER A LATE DATE, STEELE JAMS ON THE BRAKES FOR A RED LIGHT.

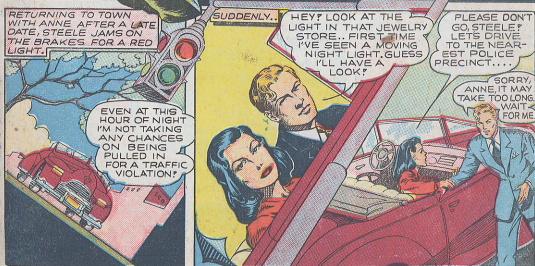
SUDDENLY...

HEY! LOOK AT THE LIGHT IN THAT JEWELRY STORE.. FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN A MOVING NIGHT LIGHT. GUESS I'LL HAVE A LOOK?

PLEASE DON'T GO, STEELE! LET'S DRIVE TO THE NEAREST POLICE PRECINCT....

EVEN AT THIS HOUR OF NIGHT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON BEING PULLED IN FOR A TRAFFIC VIOLATION!

SORRY, ANNE, IT MAY TAKE TOO LONG. WAIT FOR ME.



TWO MEN CROUCH BEFORE AN OPEN SAFE AS STEELE ENTERS THE STORE.

IT'S AKRON AL AND BILL THE BASHER! TWO OF MY OLD CELL MATES!

WHA?

WE THOUGHT YOU WAS GOIN' STRAIGHT!

WHADDA YOU WANT, KERRIGAN.. A CUT?

AND SO I AM, SMART GUY.. YOU WILL TOO AFTER A COUPLE OF....

A SKULL SMASHING BLOW MAKES POWERFUL CONTACT.

OH...H...

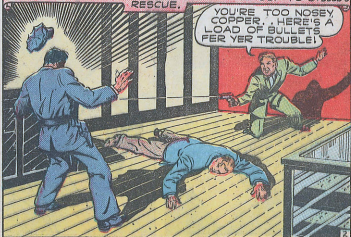
STARING THROUGH THE WINDOW ANNE EMITS A HORRIFIED SCREAM.

JUST AS A POLICE OFFICER PASSES....

WHAT'S WRONG LADY?

ANNE'S HYSTERICAL STORY SENDS THE COP TO STEELE'S RESCUE.

YOU'RE TOO NOSEY COPPER.. HERE'S A LOAD OF BULLETS FER YER TROUBLE!





GRAB THE DAME, JOE!



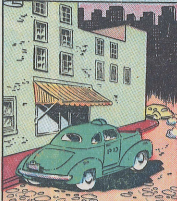
I'LL JUST PLANT THIS GUN IN HIS HANDS AND THEY'LL NAB HIM FER THE JOB!

THE THUGS FORCE ANNE INTO THEIR WAITING CAR.

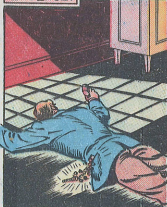


DON'T GIVE US NO TROUBLE SISTER..WE MIGHT HAVE TO PLUG YA!

AND THE TAIL OF THE ESCAPING VEHICLE SWINGS AROUND THE CORNER AS A SQUAD CAR ARRIVES.



STOLEN JEWELS BULGING FROM HIS POCKETS, STEELE IS LEFT WITH INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE.



SHOOTIN' REPORTED DOWN HERE, BILL. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



O.K., TED!

SUDDENLY STEELE COMES TO.



WOW! THEY SURE DID A GOOD JOB OF PINNING THIS ON ME..JEWELS IN MY POCKET AND THE GUN IN MY HAND..

BUT..



OH! OH! HERE COME THE COPS..I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND I'M STILL OUT TO SKIN THROUGH THIS MESS!

HE FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND

BOY! THIS MUG SURE SEWED HIMSELF UP WITH THE GOODS, EH?



SUDDENLY STEELE AWAKENS AND...



BUT ACTION COUNTS NOW!



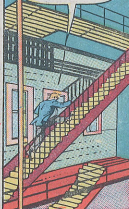
DODGING THE COPS' BULLETS, STEELE HASTILY DEPARTS.



IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY IT'S DOWN THIS ALLEY..



AND UP THIS FIRE ESCAPE.



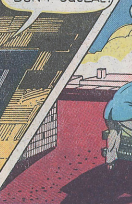
AH! THIS IS THE BUILDING.. BASHER'S HIDEOUT SHOULD BE OVER THERE!



HE PEERS INTO A DINGY LOFT.



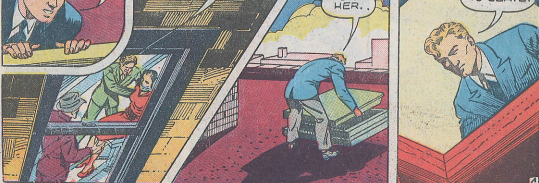
LET'S GET GOIN', BASHER.. THAT OPEN GAS JET'LL MAKE SURE SHE DON'T SQUEAL.



STEELE RACES FOR THE SKYLIGHT...



SO ANNE'S COMPANY IS READY TO LEAVE.

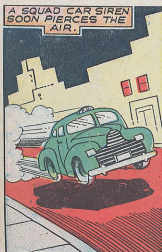


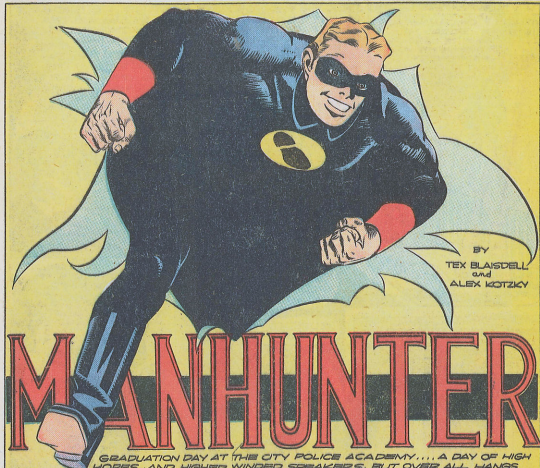


HAVING THROWN A PERMANENT DAMPER ON THE CROOKS' PLANS, STEELE HEADS FOR ANNE.



GET TO THE TELEPHONE, ANNE, AND CALL THE POLICE..THOSE LUGGS MIGHT GET RESTLESS.



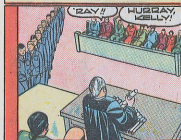


BY
TEX BLAISDELL
and
ALEX KOTZKY

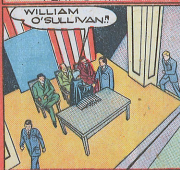
MANHUNTER

GRADUATION DAY AT THE CITY POLICE ACADEMY.... A DAY OF HIGH HOPES..AND HIGHER WINDED SPEAKERS, BUT OVER ALL HANGS THE PRESENCE OF ONE AS YET UNKNOWN.. ONE DESTINED TO FAME AS THE FIERCEST OF ALL ENEMIES OF EVILMANHUNTER !!!

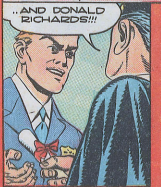
AT LAST, THE YOUNG GRADUATES RECEIVE THEIR DIPLOMAS..... HONOR MAN, AND HEAD OF HIS CLASS, JAMES KELLY!!

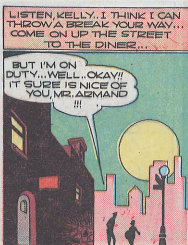
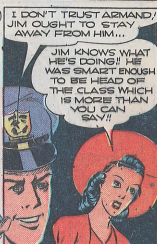
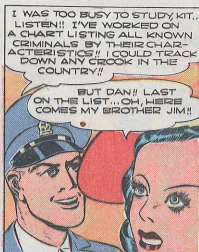


ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE ROOKIES FILE ACROSS THE PLATFORM...



AND FINALLY, THE LAST MAN...





MINUTES LATER... IN A DIRTY CELLAR RESTAURANT...

..AND THIS PROPOSITION IS A CINCH, KID!! ALL YOU DO IS BUMP THIS JOHNNIE OFF, IN THE LINE OF DUTY, O'OURSE!!

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU GOT ME WRONG... I'M NO KILLER..



LOOK, KID! A CHECK... 5000 BUCKS... FOR YOU!!

WHY YOU... HEY WHAT TH'....



TICKLE THE STARS SUCKERS!

SO YA WAS GONNA HAVE ME BUMPED... NO YA DON'T, COPPER!!

DROP THAT G... UUUUGH!!



YOU SNAKE COSENTINO!! I'LL... OOOOHHH!!

SO LONG, RAT!!



YOU TAKE THE RAP COPPER! HA HA HA!!



HEARING THE SHOT, DAN RICHARDS RACES TO THE SCENE....

WHAT HAPPENED??

I... I... DON'T KNOW!!!



JIM! DID YOU KILL ARMAND?

I DIDN'T DO IT... MUST HAVE BEEN JOHNNY.. GLUGGED ME.. GRABBED MY GUN!!



JOHNNY, EH?

KELLY! RICHARDS! WHAT GOES ON??



JOE, LOOK! A CHECK... MADE OUT TO KELLY!!

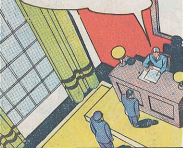
..AND THAT GUN IN HIS HAND... HE MUST HAVE KILLED ARMAND

BUT I...



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

IT'S NO GOOD KELLY! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS... THAT CHECK WAS MADE OUT TO YOU, ONLY YOUR PRINTS ON THE GUN... AND YOUR STORY'S WEAK! WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU!!



AS FOR YOU RICHARDS, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THIS, BUT I'M SUSPENDING YOU TILL I DO!! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!!

YES, SIR!!



HURRYING TO HIS LABORATORY, DAN CONSULTS HIS FILE ON CRIMINAL PERSONALITIES...

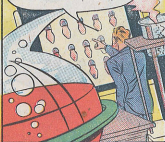
ACCORDING TO JIM, THE KILLER SAID, "TICKLE THE STARS," SOUNDS LIKE A PET PHRASE... LET'S SEE NOW... I'VE GOT IT!! MY SYSTEM WORKS!!



"TICKLE THE STARS"... FAVORITE EXPRESSION OF JOHNNY COSENTINO, HEAD OF THE PROTECTION RACKET, TALL, DARK MOUSTACHE, LOUD DRESSER, IT CHECKS!!



HE'LL BE SOMEWHERE IN THE "SWAMP"... AND I'M GOING TO HUNT HIM DOWN!! BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE A DISGUISE.... AH, I'VE GOT IT!! JOHNNY COSENTINO WILL BE THE FIRST CASE FOR MANHUNTER!!



MIDNIGHT, AND IN THE SLUM SECTION CALLED "THE SWAMP," JOHNNY'S MOB HOLDS A SECRET MEETING...

REMEMBER, I KNOCKED A GUY OFF... SO NOW I'M RUNNING DIS.... WHAT WUZ DAT?



THAT WAS THOR GENTLEMEN! THE THUNDER DOG!!

WHO..WHO'S DAT G..GUY?!

GET 'IM!! PLUG 'IM!!!

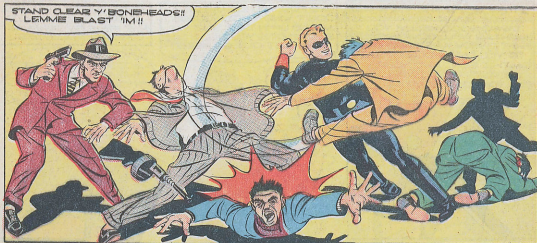


MY NAME, RATS, IS....



MANHUNTER!!





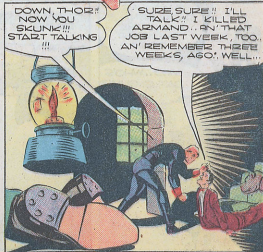
TERROR-STRIKEN, THE GANG
LEADER TRIES TO FLEE...BUT
MANHUNTER SHOUTS A
COMMAND...



AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS
STREAKS A HUGE BLACK
DOG.....

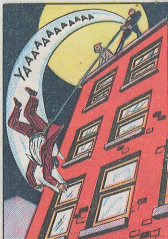


AS SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY
AS LIGHT THOR SPRINGS



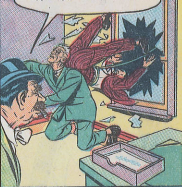
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
ON THE ROOF OF POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...

DON'T THROW ME OFF!
DON'T! I'LL BE KILLED!!



BELOW, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

YEAH, IT LOOKS PRETTY
BAD FOR KELLY! HE'LL BE...
WOW!! WHAT TH'...



LOCK ME UP! HIDE ME!! I'LL
TALK!! I KILLED ARMAND, BUT
DON'T LET THAT MANHUNTER
GET ME... AND THAT
HORRIBLE DOG... BZZZZ



SAY! WO'S
THAT
CARD?

IT'S SHAPED LIKE A
FOOTPRINT! AND IT
SAYS, "THIS IS THE MAN
WHO KILLED AL ARMAND,
KELLY IS INNOCENT!"



WHAT'S ON
THE OTHER SIDE

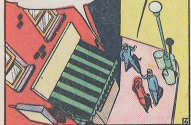


THE SIGN
OF THE
MANHUNTER

NEXT DAY

HI, JIM!! GOSH I WAS GLAD
TO HEAR YOU WERE
CLEARED!! SAY WHO IS
THIS MANHUNTER, ANY
WAY?

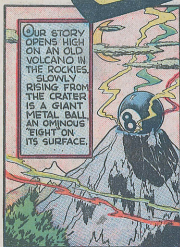
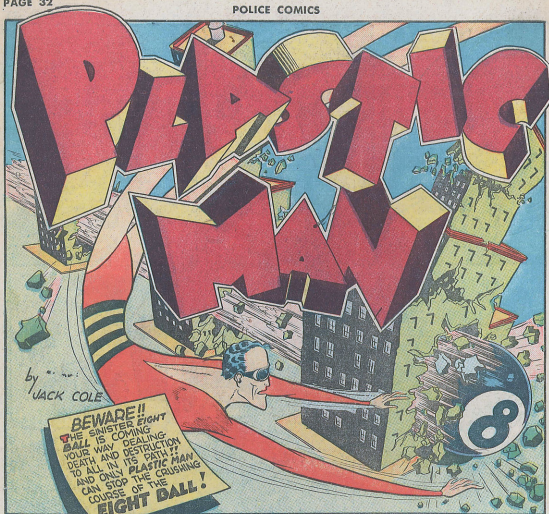
SOME PUNK AMATEUR
DETECTIVE!! YOU SURELY
WERE NO HELP, SHOOTIN'
OFF YOUR
BIG MOUTH!!



ME?
WHY
I...

JIM'S RIGHT DAN!!
I'M BEGINNING TO
THINK YOU'RE JUST
PLAIN DUMBS.. MY, I
WISH I KNEW A WON-
DERFUL MAN LIKE
MANHUNTER!!





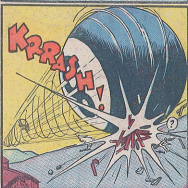
INSIDE THE SPHERE AN
EVIL MAN ISSUES ORDERS



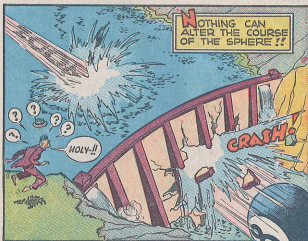
THUS BEGINS A JOURNEY OF DESTRUCTION SO BIZARRE AS TO DEFY IMAGINATION....



YES, A BALL TEN STORIES HIGH WITH WALLS FIFTEEN FEET THICK OF SOLID STEEL ROCKETING OVER AND THROUGH ALL OBSTACLES AT THE SPEED OF 100 MILES PER HOUR.

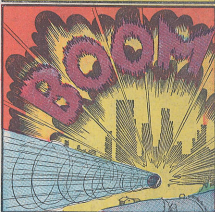


ON AND ON IT COMES, SMASHING A PATH OF TERROR AND DEMOLITION...

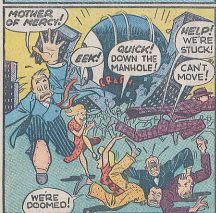


NOTHING CAN ALTER THE COURSE OF THE SPHERE!!

WITH EVER INCREASING SPEED IT GRINDS DOWN UPON DENVER!!



BUILDINGS CRUMBLE LIKE MATCH BOXES... PEOPLE DIE IN AGONY....



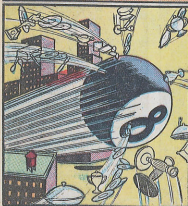
THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENS MILES AWAY....



IN ANOTHER SECTION:



FROM A RADIUS OF FIVE MILES, ALL GOLD AND SILVER IS ATTRACTED TO THE **EIGHT BALL'S** SURFACE!!!



INSIDE THE EVIL PROF. McNEER DANCES ABOUT WITH FIENDISH GLEE:



HEH! HEH! MY GOLD AND SILVER MAGNET WILL MAKE US RICHER THAN MIDAS!!!



LEAVING A CITY OF DEATH AND DESOLATION THE BALL ROLLS ON:



MEANWHILE **PLASTIC MAN** IS FAR FROM IDLE...



STRETCHING HIS ELASTIC ARMS HE GRABS A WEST-BOUND PLANE.



FOR HOURS THE MAN OF RUBBER TRAVELS WESTWARD... THEN —



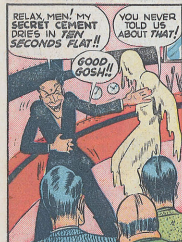
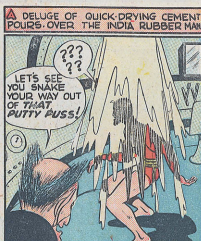
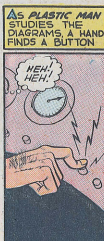
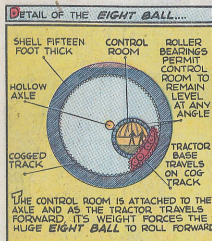
HE LANDS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE ONCOMING SPHERE...



THEN, ON STILTS FIVE STORIES HIGH HE RACES WITH THE BALL!







WHAT CHANCE HAVE MERE MEN AND GUNS AGAINST THIS GIANT JUGGERNAUT?



HAHAHA!! CRUSHED LIKE TOYS! WE'LL REAP A FORTUNE IN GOLD AND SILVER WHEN WE HIT KANSAS CITY!!!



MEANWHILE, PLASTIC MAN ESCAPES FROM THE CEMENT CAST THRU A HOLE IN THE FOOT



AROUSSED INTO ACTION, THE OTHER THUGS LEAP FROM BEHIND....



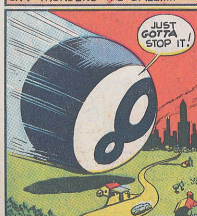
ONE LONG BLOW DOES IT....



SOON THE FLOOR IS LITTERED WITH UNCONSCIOUS BEINGS....



CLOSER AND CLOSER TO KANSAS CITY THUNDERS THE BALL....



THEN WITH A SCANT FEW FEET TO SPARE, IT STOPS....



WITH THE GANG ARRESTED, PLASTIC MAN BECOMES THE IDOL OF THE CITY...



CHIC CARTER

by VERNON HENKEL...

DARKNESS FALLS, CASTING SHADOWS OVER CHINATOWN. BUT AT WU LAN-THE IMPORTER'S, A LIGHT BURNS LONG INTO THE NIGHT....

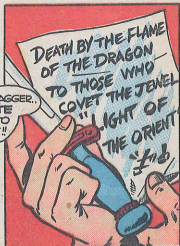
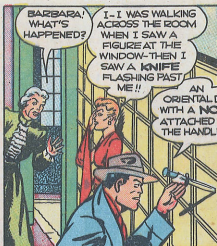


SILENCE, PO SAN! I WANT THAT JEWEL... IT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!! 150 YEARS AGO IT WAS STOLEN FROM MY ANCESTRAL HOME BY PIRATES..AND NOW IT SHALL BE RECOVERED AND THE SHAME WIPED OUT!!



THE NEXT DAY A CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE MANSION OF MRS. CROFT. SERGEANT MONAHAN OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND CHIC CARTER, POLICE REPORTER, ARE INVESTIGATING THE "LIGHT OF THE ORIENT."



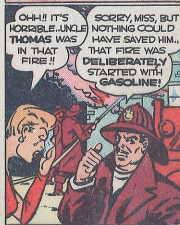


THAT NIGHT WHILE SOME OF THE CROFTS LAY IN TROUBLED SLEEP, OTHERS ARE PROMING...

SUDDENLY THE ACRID SMELL OF SMOKE AROUSES CHIC..



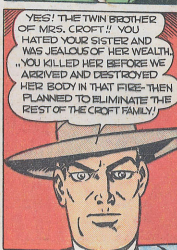
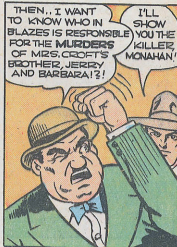
THE ROAR OF FIRE ENGINES AWAKEN THE QUIET ESTATE...

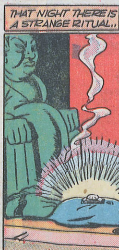
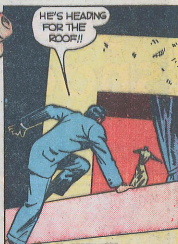






AS WU LAN REACHES FOR THE "LIGHT OF THE ORIENT," THE PHONE RINGS...





SUPER SNOOPER

THE YEGG BEATER
LET'S GO THROUGH A DAY WITH
THE FAMOUS SUPER SNOOPER...

by GILL FOX

9 AM

AH, OFF TO AN EARLY
START FOR A DAY
OF CRIME FIGHTING!!



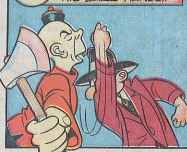
10 AM

WINS A GUN DUEL
WITH A MAD
KILLER.



11 AM

CAPTURES A CHINESE
HATCHETMAN WITH
HIS BARE HANDS.



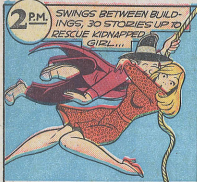
12 NOON

SOLVES A
JEWEL ROBBERY
CASE WHILE
EATING LUNCH...



2 PM

SWINGS BETWEEN BUILDINGS,
30 STORIES UP TO
RESCUE KIDNAPPED
GIRL...



3 PM

CATCHES SPY IN
ACT OF BLOWING
UP THE CAPITOL.

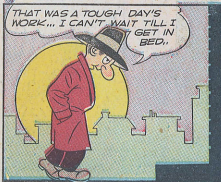


5 PM

BLOWS OUT
TIRE OF
BANK
BANDITS'
CAR, CAUSING
THEIR CAPTURE.



THAT WAS A TOUGH DAY'S
WORK... I CAN'T WAIT TILL I
GET IN BED.



NOW FOR A GOOD
NIGHT'S... HEY! SOME
CROOK STOLE
MY BED!!





INSIDE THE WALLS OF WEST MOOR PRISON, DAN OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION!

SAY JOE, REMEMBER "BUTCHER" BOWES? WELL, HE'S UP TO HIS DIRTY TRICKS AGAIN!

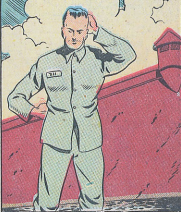
WHAT'S HE COOKING UP NOW?



HIS BROTHER DIED, AN' LEFT TWO SONS, SO BUTCHER TAKES 'EM UNDER HIS WING AN' IS TEACHING 'EM HOW TO USE GUNS AN' THE TRICKS OF HIS RACKET!



HMM-BUTCHER'S BROTHER WAS A DECENT CITIZEN! AND THOSE BOYS, AT THE WILD, IMPULSIVE AGE! GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!





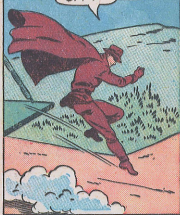
ONCE OUT ON THE STATE ROAD TII QUICKLY HITCHES ONTO A MOVING VAN!



YES INDEED, IT'S GOING TO BE FUN TEACHING BUTCHER THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG!



--AND HERE IS WHERE I GET OFF!



LIKE A LITHE JUNGLE CAT, TII STALKS UP TO THE BOWES FARMHOUSE AND--



(NOW YOU KIDS ARE GONNA LEARN HOW TO USE A KNIFE--COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY AT TIMES, AN' LOUIE'S GONNA TEACH YA!)



THEN A CRASH OF SPLINTERING GLASS----



I'LL FIX DAT WISE GUY, BOSS! I'LL BLAST HIM!



AS LOUIE GOES TO THE SMASHED WINDOW!!



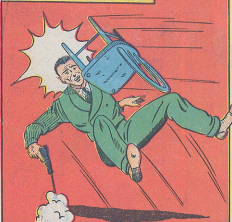
HIYA, BUTCHER, YOU RAT!

NEVER POINT A GUN AT ANY-- ONE, LOUIE!



SAY'S WHO?

AND LOUIE GETS A
FACE FULL OF CHAIR!



WAIT'LL MY BOYS
GET 'CHA! HEY,
BLACKIE, TONY,
OX! C'MERE N'
GET DIS LUG!!

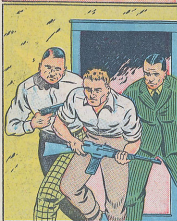


GOSH! UNCLE ISN'T
SO TOUGH AFTER
ALL, IS HE!

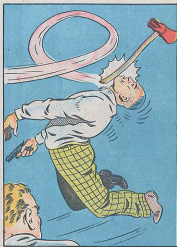
HE'S PLAIN
YELLOW!



BUTCHER'S FRANTIC CALL
FOR HELP IS ANSWERED!

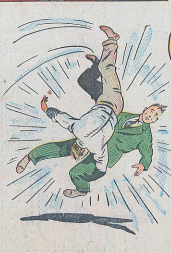


YOU
MISSED,
STUPID!



HERE'S
YOUR
BOSS!

EEOOW!

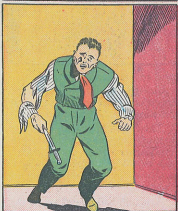


P-LEASE, ONE
OF YOU GUYS!
STOP DAT MUG!





MEANWHILE, LOUIE COMES TO, AND WITH A MUTTERED OATH, DRAWS A KNIFE !!



GOSH, JIM-LOUIE'S GOING TO THROW THAT KNIFE!



LOUIE GETS HIS LUMPS AGAIN-



THANKS KID, FOR SAVING MY LIFE!



-AND AS FOR YOU, PUNK! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE OUT ON PAROLE---



BUT IT WON'T BE FOR LONG! WHEN THE STATE TROOPERS GET HERE, IT'LL BE ALL OVER!



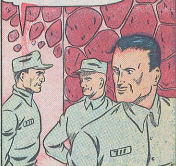
WELL BOYS, I GUESS YOU REALIZE NOW HOW YELLOW ALL GANGSTERS AND "TOUGH GUYS" ARE!

YESSIR, THAT'S WHAT DAD ALWAYS TOLD US!



THE NEXT DAY

GET DIS, JOE. REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU 'BOUT BUTCHER? WELL, HE AN' HIS BOYS ARE GONNA BE "GUESTS" HERE VERY SOON, GOOD, EH?



SEVEN STROKES OF DOOM



Sixty feet above the sawdust arena, the great Enrico Savoldi sailed through the air on a slender wire. Five thousand awed spectators held their breath as the renowned acrobat neared his goal.

Then, just as his hands were reaching for the fragile bar, Enrico seemed to freeze. His hands missed their mark, and the mighty artist's body plummeted down. Screams rent the air as his body hit and bounced, to lie still at last.

Attendants rushed to him, turned him over, and the circus doctor came running. Enrico was dead. The world's most fearless acrobat was dead!

The newspapers that night carried the story of the ill-timed passing of the amusement world's most colorful figure. Enrico had slipped. Enrico had lost his hold. The one chance in a thousand had claimed the national idol of the air.

And so the matter ended. At least with the public. But the show must go on! Enrico had five brothers and a sister, all daredevils of the upper air. They would carry on, bearing the triumphant banner of the "Seven Savoldis."

The Roxy Circus still had nine days to run in Jacksonville. Instead of causing the crowds to thin out, the tragedy seemed to pack 'em in. And the second night, Armand Savoldi was going to perform. Armandi was a high-diver, who leaped seventy feet into a tiny tank of water, over which blazed an inferno of burning gasoline. Armandi—the Fire Devil!

When Armandi's stunt was announced, a hush fell over the jammed audience. Many of them had witnessed this feat before, but always it brought the same tingling thrill. It was so utterly biz-

arre and fearless!

Slowly Armandi climbed to the top of the steel tower. He raised his hands, leaned outward—

Then his body was dropping, turning over and over. The crushing impact left no doubt. Again the crowd gasped and womens' screams rose above the blaring of the band.

Armandi had landed across the edge of the steel tank, almost severing his body in half. The flames had got in their ghastly work and when they pulled him out, his body was a charred cinder.

What had happened to the expert diver? What was wrong with the mighty Savoldi clan? What . . .

The papers took up the question. Were the Savoldis slipping? They issued vehement denials, those that still remained alive. They would go on with the show and prove that they were not slipping!

And so, even larger crowds jammed the huge tent on the third night. The authorities had posted an army of detectives throughout the tent and grounds. If there was foul work afoot they would spot it.

Eunice Savoldi was a tooth-hanger. Her act, coupled with that of her younger brother, Dominic, was a "killer." With his legs hooked over a bar, Dominic swung in a hundred-foot arc high above the ring, a strap in his teeth holding his sister who also clung to the strap by her teeth.

The spectators seemed to sense the answer. Dominic's arc had ended. Eunice grabbed the trailing trapeze, preparatory to unhooking, but suddenly Dominic's legs straightened. They fell to the earth, Dominic's body crushing that of his sister. Both lay still.

The authorities sought to restrain the circus from going on. But the remaining Savoldis—now only three in number—forced the show owners to continue. Their contracts were binding. And nothing, *nothing* was going to stop the mighty Savoldis. Not even death!

Luigi, Rocco and John Savoldi, brothers three, stood in the latter's dressing tent and made a solemn vow. If they were to die, they would die together! If this was some terrible curse pursuing them, then they would all go. Already four of the greatest trapeze artists in the world had perished. The renowned "Savoldi Seven" was broken up; their popularity would quickly wane.

The barker, with his shiny top hat and bright red jacket, was standing in the middle ring giving his nightly spiel: "And now, la-deez and gen-til-men! Tonight you're going to witness an act that has never been duplicated! The incomparable, the mighty, the sensational Savoldi brothers will



do what they call the 'three-way bird flight' seventy feet above the sawdust arena! Hold your breath, my friends, and hang on to your seats. . . Here they come!"

The tent nearly collapsed under the cocophany of applause. Some sort of mad virus was in the veins of the expectant audience. They had tasted death. Again they were here for the kill! Such is human nature.

Standing in the milling crowd outside the main tent, Dick Mace, the world's most intrepid young detective, watched the line of ticket purchasers. In a few minutes the show would go on. It was going to be another sell-out. A grisly thought flashed through

Dick Mace's mind: But no. The circus officials could not do a thing like that just to draw the crowds. Human life was too precious to wipe out for mere profit. It was something else. But what? Who was murdering the Savoldis?

Dick hunched his broad shoulders. He had been watching the entrance for two nights now. He had come to recognize many of the patrons. They all seemed to come back. Once last night he had spotted a silent, dark chap who had looked around furtively and then darted inside the tent. But there were many persons who acted hunted...

"Ah!" The soft sound escaped Dick's lips. He was there again, the little dark man. He looked even more frightened and hunted. Certainly he couldn't harm a fly! Why the little guy—

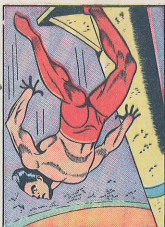
He was suddenly swallowed up in the crowds pressing through the turnstile, and Dick lost sight of him. He stood at his post another minute, then bought a ticket just as the turnstile was locked.

Something in the back of Dick's mind kept buzzing. Who was the little chap? Just an interested patron, certainly. But the buzzing persisted. Dick looked around once inside the tent. It would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack to spot the little guy. He climbed to his seat.

And it was at this time that the Barker finished his spiel which heralded the appearance of the three Savoldi brothers in their death-defying act.

Silence fell over the massive tent. The Savoldis crawled to their lofty perches—each separated by a hundred feet of space. They would swing inward toward a common center, somersault, and catch each other, the bottom man alighting on a tight wire. The two brothers would follow instantly, each hitting the wire, then swinging atop the bottom man. A terribly dangerous act.

The signal came. The band blared. The brothers came together, one catching the other in perfect timing, the lower one



dropping and balancing on the wire. The two others bounced on the wire, then leaped, one at a time, to alight on each other's shoulders. The top man had hardly landed when the man teetering on the wire collapsed. All three hurtled to the arena floor.

Again the screams of the crowd filled the tent. The fall broke the necks of two of the brothers. The other, his lung pierced by a rib, died a few minutes later.

Dick had arisen with the horrified crowd. What was that! He caught a glimpse of a little dark man far up under the top-most edge of the canvas. The little man was lowering a long tube-like instrument, trying to dispose of it.

"Hey!" Dick yelled at him, and started climbing up through the crowd. He knocked people over in his mad ascent. The little man was now sprinting along the narrow catwalk that encircled the tent top. Dick gained the walk and started in pursuit. He had gone only a few yards when the little man grabbed a guy wire and swung out over the heads of the spectators. Hand-over-hand, he swung along the swaying wire.

"Stop!" shouted Dick. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The little man kept on. Now he was a hundred feet over the arena. He was almost above the spot where the three brothers had fallen.

"Come an' get me!" he snarled.

Circus attendants were running with a net. But they were too late. With a crazy shriek, the little man let go. His body hurtled down and was impaled on a bronze pole that stood in the middle of the trained horse ring. It was a ghastly sight.

When the ambulance attendants had removed the gory remains of the little man, Dick searched his pockets. The little chap carried no identification. But there was a small white card with a tiny red hand stamped on it, and under it the single word "Savoldi."

No one there, except the brilliant Dick Mace, knew what the card meant, if anything. But Dick did.

"Revenge killing," said Dick. "Or rather, revenge killings. Evidently this little guy belonged to some death clan. He was sent to get the Savoldis, all of them. Seems he got 'em, too!"

"But how?" demanded a cop. "How the heck did he kill 'em?"

A circus roustabout whom Dick had sent outside returned with a long steel tube, now bent. He handed it to the young detective.

"A modern version of the blowgun," Dick stated. "He fired it from the top of the tent. Naturally it made no sound."

"But what kind of ammunition did he use?" demanded the coroner.

"Since no clue has been found," Dick explained, "I'd say he used explosive darts, which carried a poisoned needle. There is such a dart. It employs a deadly poison, a mere scratch of which causes almost instant death. The dart does not stick in the skin, or fall. Upon striking, it explodes, thus removing all evidence."

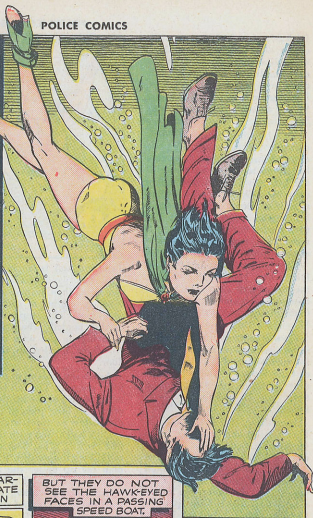
"Well, blow me down!" exclaimed a copper. "That Dick Mace feller sure knows all the answers!"

FOLLOW THE DARING ADVENTURES OF
DICK MACE
EACH MONTH IN
POLICE COMICS

Phantom Lady

by
ARTHUR PEDDY

DON BORDEN, THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S TROUBLE SHOOTER, LIKE ALL OTHERS IN OFFICIAL WASHINGTON, HAS NO IDEA THAT SENATOR KNIGHT'S GLAMOROUS DAUGHTER, SANDRA IS THE DARING PHANTOM LADY WHO SMASHES THE GRIM SCHEMES OF FOREIGN AGENTS WITH THE AID OF HER MYSTERIOUS BLACK LIGHT. . .

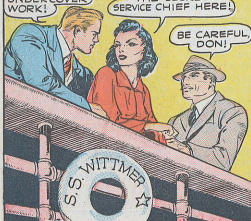


SANDRA, THE SENATOR AND DON ARRIVE IN HAVANA, CUBA, TO INVESTIGATE SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES OF EUROPEAN TOURISTS.

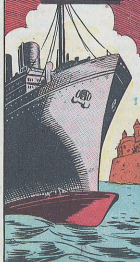
YOU WON'T SEE ME AROUND THE CITY. I'VE GOT TO DO UNDERCOVER WORK!

YES, DON. . . AND DAD IS GOING TO GET THE INSIDE FACTS FROM THE SECRET SERVICE CHIEF HERE!

BE CAREFUL, DON!



BUT THEY DO NOT SEE THE HAWKEYED FACES IN A PASSING SPEED BOAT.



WE MUST PREVENT BORDEN FROM GOING ASHORE BY LAUNCH OTTO! THE CHIEF SAID TO KILL HIM IF NECESSARY!



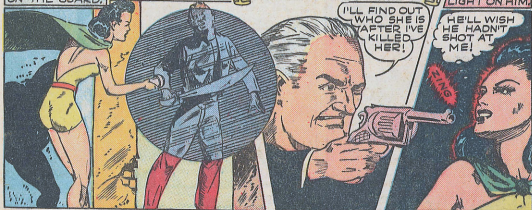




LIKE A SWIFTLY MOVING SHADOW, PHANTOM LADY LEAPS OUT AND FLASHES HER SECRET BLACK LIGHT ON THE GUARD.

BUT A SINISTER FIGURE SPOTS HER FROM A BALCONY AS SHE SPRINGS INTO THE COURTYARD.

PHANTOM LADY TURNS HER BLACK LIGHT ON HIM.



INSTANTLY SHE WHIRLS THROUGH AN ARCHWAY LEADING INTO THE HOUSE.



YES! THESE WATERS BETWEEN CUBA AND FLORIDA MUST BE MINED TO PREVENT AMERICAN INTERFERENCE WITH OUR OCCUPATION OF CUBA!



SUDDENLY, PHANTOM LADY'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN BURSTS IN.

A SPY DISGUISED AS A RHUMBA DANCER IS HIDING IN HERE! SEARCH THE HOUSE AT ONCE!

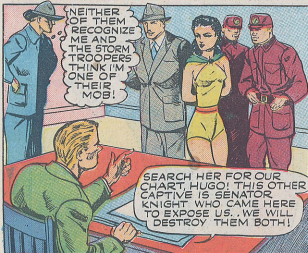
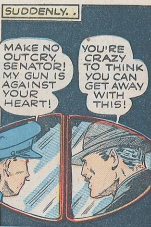
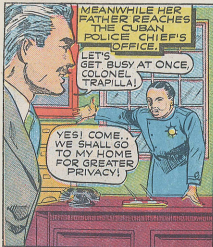


LEAVING THE MAP THE PLOTTERS SCATTER OUT THE DOOR.



PHANTOM LADY SLIPS FROM BEHIND THE DOOR AND QUICKLY ROLLS UP THEIR MAP.





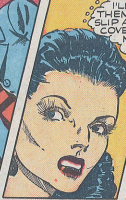
THE INSTANT HE LEAVES, DON'S ACTION REVEALS HIS DISGUISE.

YOU'RE FIRST ON MY ELIMINATION LIST!



WHY, THAT'S DON! HOW'D HE GET HERE?

I'LL GIVE THEM THE SLIP AND RECOVER THAT MAP NOW!



I GOT DRY CLOTHING FROM A FISHERMAN AND TAGGED ALONG WITH THE STORM TROOPERS... EASY!

BUT HURRY, DON! WE HAVE TO STOP THE LEADER OUTSIDE AND ESCAPE WHILE THERE'S TIME!



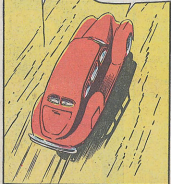
STEP ON IT, DON, I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED!

OKAY, SENATOR! BUT KEEP YOUR HEAD LOW! THE TROOPERS ARE OPENING FIRE!

EMPTY YOUR GUNS INTO THAT CAR! IF THEY ESCAPE, THE POLICE WILL ROUND US UP IN NO TIME!

WE GOT AWAY! YOU ALL RIGHT, SENATOR?

YES, DON... BUT ONE OF THEIR SHOTS KILLED OUR PRISONER!



MEANWHILE, PHANTOM LADY SURPRISES A GUARD WITH HER BLACK LIGHT AS SHE SNATCHES THE MAP FROM A WASTE BARREL. . . .

STOP! ER... WHAT TH' I CAN'T SEE!



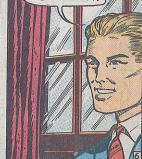
LATER... WHEN DON AND SENATOR KNIGHT ARRIVE AT THEIR HOTEL...

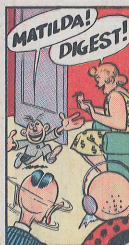
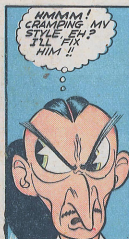
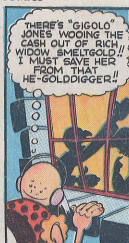
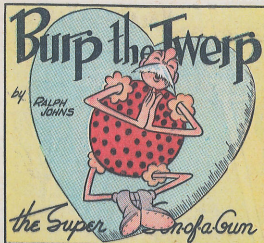
PHANTOM LADY LEFT THIS MAP FOR YOU, DON... SEE WHAT IT IS...

THANK GOODNESS YOU REACHED SHORE SAFELY!



BUT WE HAD QUITE A NIGHT OURSELVES. THE POLICE ARE ROUNDING UP THOSE "TOURISTS" NOW. AND THANKS TO PHANTOM LADY WE'LL HAVE THE EVIDENCE TO SEND THEM ALL TO PRISON!



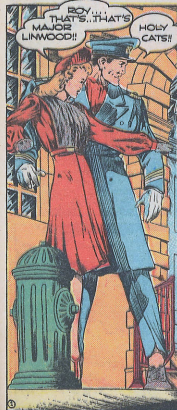




the human BOMB

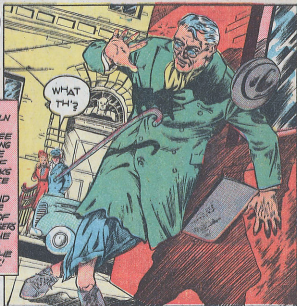
BY
PAUL
CARROL

ROY LINCOLN, HEAD CHEMIST OF THE U.S. NAVY LABORATORIES IS IN HIS SECRET ROLE THE DYNAMIC HUMAN BOMB.....WHOSE BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION TO INFINITY.....



ROY... THAT'S... THAT'S
MAJOR LINWOOD!!
HOLY CATS!!

AS
ROY LINCOLN
AND
HIS FIANCEE
ARE WALKING
HOME, THE
BLAST OF
GUNS BREAKS
THE SILENCE
OF THE
NIGHT...AND
A FIGURE
IN FRONT OF
THEM STAGGERS
AGAINST THE
BUILDING
ACROSS THE
STREET!



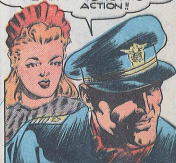
WHAT
TH'?

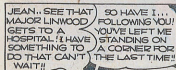
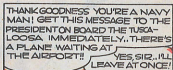
AT THE SAME TIME, FROM
A CAR PARKED NEARBY..



COME ON YOU
GUYS.. SHAKE A
LEG!!

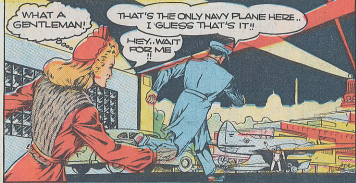
OH, OH... HOLD YOUR HAT JEAN..
THE NAVY'S GOING INTO
ACTION!!





SO HAVE I... FOLLOWING YOU! YOU'VE LEFT ME STANDING ON A CORNER FOR THE LAST TIME!!

AFTER MUCH ADIEU, ROY AND JEAN ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT.....

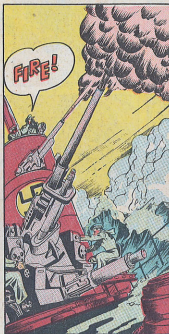




THREE HOURS LATER, OVER THE ATLANTIC...

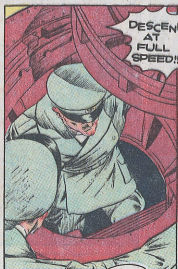
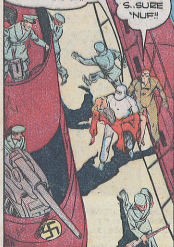


BUT... ON THE SUB...



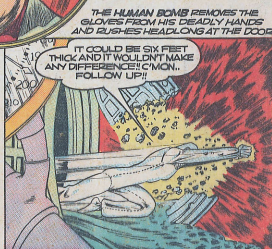
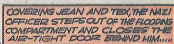
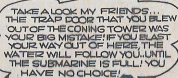
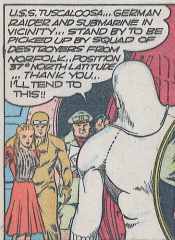


RIGHT, AND IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF SOMEONE WHO USES THE CODE OF THE SEAS THE WAY YOU RATS DO! TEX, TAKE CARE OF JEAN...! SHE'S ALL RIGHT... I JUST HAD TO KNOCK HER OUT TO GET HER OUT OF THE PLANE!!



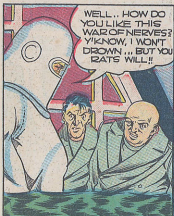
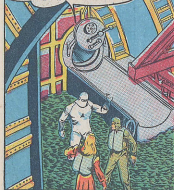
STARTING TO GO DOWN, EH... WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!!





WITH THE HUMAN BOMB BLASTING OPEN THE WAY THE TWO REACH THE TORPEDO ROOM SHORTLY.

YOU FIRST, TEX... SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HELP JEAN OUT WHEN SHE COMES UP!



WELL... HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WAR OF NERVES? Y'KNOW, I WON'T DROWN... BUT YOUR RATS WILL!!



RISE TO THE SURFACE! ...AND SURRENDER!!!

WELL... THAT'S THAT!!
HAI HAI HAI!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

US.. GLUB.. GLUB...
OKAY, SUGAR-FOOT, AH'S GOT YOU!!



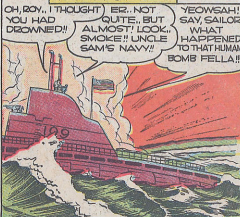
BUT ANGRY HYSTERICAL FACES TURN TOWARD THEIR LEADERS

...AND THEN THE MEN BEGIN TO MOVE TOWARD THEM.



GET BACK!!

SOME TIME LATER... WITH ROY BACK IN HIS NAVY UNIFORM...

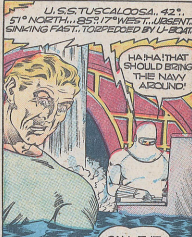


OH, ROY... I THOUGHT YOU HAD DROWNED!!

ER... NOT QUITE, BUT ALMOST! LOOK... SMOKE!! UNCLE SAM'S NAVY!!

YEOWSAH! SAY, SAILOR WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT HUMAN BOMB FELLA!!

MEANWHILE IN THE SUBMARINE THE HUMAN BOMB IS WORKING ON THE RADIO SET....



U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA... 42°... 51° NORTH... 85° 17' WEST... URGENT... SINKING FAST... TORPEDOED BY U-BOAT.

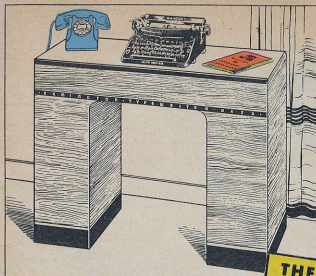
HA HA! THAT SHOULD BRING THE NAVY AROUND!

CALL THE ENGINE ROOM...



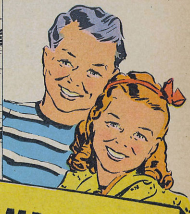
OH... HIM!? ER... I DUNNO!!!





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